JANE WELSH CARLYLE'S LOVE STORY.

A Woman's Views.

The publicity given to Jane Welsh Carlyle's life, since her death, can only be equaled by the seclusion and retirement of that life while she was living it. She was then as unknown to fame as she is now known, for no sooner had the grim Carlyle breathed his last than every one who ever knew them rushed into print with their Reminiscences, to which he added his own, very much of which was the twaddle of a remorseful old man, appreciating, when only too late, the woman who had brightened his home for half a century.

Save the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, there is no more pathetic life history in English literature than that of Thomas Carlyle and his wife. Jane Welsh was the petted and only daughter of a Scotch physician, who boasted of the family blue blood, and who had ample means to live a life of ease and elegance. Jane was a pretty, vivacious child, and a still more attractive woman, who added the piquancy of wit and no small learning to a beautiful face and pleasing manner. She was too, a bit of a flirt, and enjoyed immensely the sighing swains who made love to their sweetheart's eyebrow, in the approved Shakesperian style. None of her admirers succeeded in winning her favor. It was only after meeting Edward Irving that she felt the depths of her heart stirred.

Now came the first grief of her life, the death of her father, to whom she was devotedly attached. The shock and her grief made serious inroads on a not overly strong constitution. To the end of her life she only spoke of him at rare intervals, in a sacred, hushed way, which told of the reverential love with which she cherished his memory.

After this grief she was instinctively drawn to Irving, who had been her tutor and was now her lover, in fact, but with a serious obstacle of being affianced to another woman, in the way of declaring himself. He did however, tell his love, and won the confession from Jane Welsh that she loved him in return, but she honorably told him that he must first win the consent of his betrothed to a severance of their engagement. But a Scotch betrothal is as sacred as a Jewish one, and means something more than is ordinarily received by English or American society. The young lady refused to absolve Irving from his promise, even after she heard that he loved another, and Jane Welsh was too proud to accept a lover, however willing he might be to come, with a plighted troth broken. So Jane Welsh and Irving parted, though not before he had introduced to her Thomas Carlyle. This was really the only love of Jane Welsh's life. The only spontaneous flow of affection, and the depth of it can be judged by the fact that she never mentioned her love affair with Irving to Carlyle, till on the eve of her marriage to him. The knowledge of it almost broke off their engagement. It came about in a curious way. It seems that Irving had told the romance of his life to Mrs. Basil Montague, who, imagining Miss Welsh to be pining away, wrote her a letter in terms which aroused her pride and indignation. She replied that as far from being broken-hearted she was on the eve of marrying Thomas Carlyle, to whom she was devotedly attached. This letter decided her wavering fancy and hastened her marriage with Carlyle, which had been retarded by poverty and pride as well on the part of Carlyle, who positively refused to live with her mother, which would have been so pleasant to the daughter, as well as more economical for all parties, but concentrating an income which divided would poorly provide for two households.

Here is where Jane Welsh made her fatal mistake. There ought never to have been a marriage between her and Carlyle. They were the two opposite poles of the magnet. She was of patrician birth, fond of society, proud, sensitive and accomplished. He was of the yeomanry of Scotland, and accustomed to the hard life of its bleak hills; he had no sympathy with fine lady arts, was not social, was grim, even in his humor, was dictorial and thick-skinned, believing most undoubtedly in Carlyle, and scarcely in anything else. She married from ambition, believing that Carlyle would make his mark in the world, seeing his superiority to all around her intellectually. Was there not also the hope that a closer union would develop a tenderness and love which would compensate her for "the days that were no more?" But her own wail in after years tells the tale:

Said she to an intimate friend, "Married Carlyle from ambition, and he has far surpassed all that I ever hoped from him, yet I am miserable."

Had she remained unmarried, with no call on her time, she would have turned to literature, of which she was very fond, for her letters, diary and occasional poems all reveal the fact that she composed with ease and grace, and with once a foothold in literature, her rare powers as a conversationalist would have drawn around her a coterie of admiring friends.

As it was, her own individuality was almost completely absorbed in that of her husband. Her home cares, the struggle to live on a small income and the effort to free Carlyle from the annoying cares of a poverty striken household, that he might have time to devote to his mission as a teacher of mankind, filled her life. She never swerved from her sacrifice for one instant, even through the long, dreary, solitary years at Craigenputtock, the bleak Scotch hills stretching in monotonous barrenness on all sides, her purpose never faltered. She was his cook, his servant, doing the most menial things for him, while far from being companion, she only saw him a few moments in his dressing-room, in the morning, during these long seven years, for he could only compose in solitude. He chose to take his exercise alone, and his nervousness compelled him to occupy a room far apart from the domestic doing of the household.

She made it possible for him to fulfill his great mission, by freeing him from many cares, but that did not keep her from speaking of the travail that accompanied the production of his work in her witty way at times, for during the composition of his "Life of Frederick the Great," she called it "The Valley of the Shadow of Frederick."

So Carlyle's work was nourished on the life blood of this woman, who faithfully and unswervingly fulfilled her duty as a wife with but little love or sympathy to encourage her.

She lived to see Irving almost deprived of reason, die in the fullness of life, leaving his great work marred by the superstition of an almost insane man.

"Had I married Irving," she said, "there would have been no visions, no Gift of Tongues."

Womanlike she never forgave Irving's wife and always spoke of her slightingly.

The unutterable selfishness of Carlyle was manifest to the last. During her failing health the physician advised carriage rides, but he was too busy for a long time to purchase her a vehicle, a piece of neglect almost brutal, for she was failing fast. She died in this same carriage one morning in the Park. Her little pet dog had followed her, and seeing it in danger, she stopped her carriage to rescue it. The driver laid the little wounded creature beside her, and continued his drive. When he reached home he found her dead in the vehicle.

It was only after her death that the springs of Carlyle's heart seemed to open, and he saw things in a different light. He fully realized her many sacrifices for him, and he bemoaned her with the tenderness he had denied her all her life.

As Carlyle's companion, treated as a loved sympathizer, her self-denial would no longer have been sacrifice, it would have been a loving pleasure. His nature did not admit such a state of affairs, the love that might have blossomed into beauty was nipped in the bud and no one who reads Froude's life of Carlyle can render any other verdict than that it was a loveless union.

Where Are the Yankee Girls?

In one of the latest bulletins of the Census Bureau Mr. Edward Atkinson says, in an article on the specific cotton manufactures of the country: —"I find, by comparison of the actual accounts of leading factories which have been submitted to me, that in the period which has elapsed since 1840, when nearly all the operatives of New England were of American birth—mostly daughters of farmers—the following changes have occurred:—Most of the operatives are now of foreign birth, notably French Canadians, who form a thrifty and progressive element of our population as the children become educated in the schools." In connection with this same subject Mr. Atkinson remarks that the mills are now better lighted and ventilated than ever before, the hours of labor less and the "condition of the works less arduous."

The disappearance of the young women of New England from the cotton factories is a curious economic fact. French-Canadian girls have taken their places; but where are the Yankee girls? Evidently they have sought, and successfully, a higher and a more remunerative field of labor. In the last twenty years thousands of new industries have sprung up, demanding a high degree of intelligence and skill. The Yankee girl evidently has "evoluted" into these new departments of industry, leaving to the French-Canadian girl a monopoly of the field they formerly occupied. Mr. Atkinson philosophically observes: 'Each decade offers its own problem and each generation shapes its own condition; therefore, unless he who considers statistics can observe what is recorded between the lines, although unwritten, he may deceive himself and mislead others." —*New York Herald.*